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THE FLOATING BEAR
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INSCRIPTION FOR THE VANISHING REPUBLIC

THEY'RE LIARS!

I've put away my deep veined love
It's pain, pain, pain
there's no other way
they've made the drug too expensive!
Police of Initiates
I suspect Moloch and Mammon make you act that way!
and stupidity, more stupidity!

I'll go on with the drug of NO PAIN

and the pains, dues I've paid, are not thy fault, O

Plain of Ekstacie, - no - but theirs who keep me
from yr gasconades of gorgeous veins

where I work you to muses, gods, to Divine Itself - images -
and I repeat, HAIL THEE BLACK OPIUM AND THY WHITES!

Orphic Poem

the whole crazy scene! Who can make it?
they call to me, holy fires
holy fires to send me forth out of loon
holy fires behind stars
numena cabalas of Fiery Disk
a cipher in the infinite
holy fires written in letters of air
tongues of holy fire air
the sylphan disk of night
all the goddesses stoned
fires of holy night guiding us
we cut ourselves on the Gospels
holy fires sea islands of eremetical sea
the lute on the wave
marginal islands on fire
the waves of sea water gods
time in its joyous splendors
Jesus! Joyous Jubilant Jailhouse Jesus!
beautiful Jesus True Golden Number
as the Father in heaven does He do
Who makes all things NEW
fire of the holy fires!

THE CALL

I, weir, sit snoring
while the city flies
overhead
city that drips
scopolemine

For it was arranged, circa 1952

to funnel deadly nightshade thru the faucets

It is now decreed no one stops the mage-aged self
upon the hill of song, sibylant grove, superior sun cairn
At the pool, druids stood over the graves of angelic warriors

Today we have called you up
SACERDOTE DEL JAGUAR
on the mountains of Yahmah peyote and the seeds of the Virgin

Prince of Bogota! king of the whitefaced! blue gowned!
riding the fields of cocaine
triangulating return of the Tipi flu

O, beautiful nature! O cities of the sun!
angels entwined in yr cloths
over midnight fires

Bird Shaped Emperor
America waiting THE TEN THOUSAND FLUTES OF SONG!

-Lamantis

POLITICS POEM

The mismanagement of government is a stare on an owl's face
automobiles have closed their bones against the decree

The State IS Machiavelli!

as we wove thru street's half light, a junky

leaned his arm on the stars of my sleeve

The Election electrified the Last Bank President

Limpid the streets!limpid the hot economic bubble!

limpid the bovine government!limpid coming out of Hades!

The Sovereign Gold King was stript in a ring of bones

The master suicidist complained with a mouthful of nails

Marvels of the tongues of poets!

marvels that stop the rise and fall of markets

that do away with markets altogether!

off the trade winds, gigantic odes fell for sale

Master of the pine needle toothless hovels of heroin

How you cover the world,dust,with yr mouthpieces

I have been sucked dry by political weather

Empty heads roll, mock elections decided by tyrannies of liberty

I am an auerbahn going before John Adams

You have despoiled the Empire - greed,quick profits,the gods of War

----Woton the bug eyed flea merchant lice of the temple steps----

DUNG, you exhale yr matted hair and rumpled old cars decaying in front of owls

---The sting of yr Purse! the sting of yr purses!

It's the rule of Women! Women the Strong! Women the Powerful!

Verbotten their words twine like snakes, phony empires rise!

Junk. poetry. junk. poems. time. the Stone and the poison I love!

LAVA

Sometimes when at Popocatepeti
who brought down his wisdom in igneous downpour
upon which ten thousand years have made you god, Volcano
man peons conquistadores hotshot mestizos
I think fall out secretly in awe and fear
to think of you raging again with forests of lava,
timber of hot nature--this dream
to crush human stupidity!

Come! Volcano! DREAM!
come volcano ACT!
come Volcano! fill the world with yr wisdom, Volcano!

From cool currents beauty erupts
O convulsions of the earth, come!
Sleep down on these brief pilgrims/ SHOW THEM POWER!

COOL APOCALYPSE

Cool is seed of the wind cool is wind with breasts of sky cool is cool
Forever your eyes looking for me when I was cool as the scene could be
Cool is the Empire State may it get as cool as the old Chrysler
Cool is for the invisible police as they materialize into the gorgons of Ghent

Cool is for the atom bomb when it doesn't go off
Cool is for my bombs going off cool, cool, cool
on every floor on yr lips of rain and shine, cool Stan Gould, cool!

Cool I'm made and cool I'll flow thru billows
hanging over cool streams of Incan snow where it drips with delight
high as a mountain cool as cocaine
cool as the greatest high
cool as the point the Arabs surround you with talk, cool talk
like thousands of leaves of grass
cool like Miles
cool like con men returning you to your money
Cool like Pres dying for Ike
cool like the first Inca prince of these states

Cool is the magician at work that he maketh The Stone
cool is the poet who hangs up all time to see
cool is he who digs The Holy See
and again cool Light Life greatest cool I know _____ Jesus!

Greek words come in
russian icons instead of the movies
cool new instruments to bring you on, cool radio
Circulator of the light, coolest dove! cool this poem
as it cometh to that coolness where I confesseth forth THE UNSPEAKABLE!

VISIONS

The Marvelous unveils its face in front of me The crank of my bones beats
the angel boxer from nowhere in the chippglassface
Ardent soul, we merge into the landscape
I remember the time I was thrown down my soul severed from my body hanging
as if by a string - one to the other - and I was taken up above myself
left sweating and weeping, old earth body nothing but shit and there
in the High Paradise lost or not I don't know, I was met by a
Messenger - bearded - who said YOU'RE HERE TO SEE TRUTH and I was in bliss
further out than any earthly one, great bliss that I wanted to stay
in that place of radiant bliss lights and colors I was looking down
on my earth body and I repudiated it and all its joys for here I was
in the essential joy of the spirit and my soul hanging there by a thread
to this body DOWN THERE that I said I WANT TO GO ALL THE TIME
RETURN TO BODY AND BODY LIFE EARTHEN DEAD NOTHING - for here I am
truth beauty wisdom loveliness heavenly bliss paradise I was born
free and was TOLD I could return to after I had WORKED: and so I was
SHOT back to my body and earth and beautiful spirit vision is now told, Samadhi!

Did I appear in angeltime or did the Angel appear in time, all time?
This question answered I walked straight into street of veins an infidel
castah a bewildered palace of destroyed works
I am a seer for whom the Revelation is intact
The Revelation! of ain soph! God of the dreamers of the Ancient GOD
Beatific in Christ Elevated in Christ Maddened in Christ Illuminated in Christ!
Joyous in Christ - the first fruits born of negation, strife
O ye thrones tremble! O ye blinded of eyes - woe! - for the feasts of famine
--golden rice thrown on swarms of hell blank as glass window on Trucks
of Paradise --

Here's the number of the Lamb's light
here's the supressential dove look of light life
discerned above the genius of the race
beatitudes in a sweep of arm, gesture, magnificence
in miracles

invisible visible white light manifestations of His Elucidations
worked in darklings and lights off these voices who attend me that I
SPEAK the communion of saints IS ONE - in time, out time, blank time, still time,
time of all times-- Hail, thee, poem of the Holy Liturgy!

emblem of silence wa- ing:
The Church in its lowering sea, the flag of Patmos seen!

That I burned by the screech owl castle in Berkeley Hills day the bat
tore ceilings I went thru mirrors several times

.movement of blood over green vegetable planes of imagination.

It was peyote | peyote |
Jaime's pad, anthropological apocalypses
farout stone readings on glyphs
the Airswelling!
It was peyote | peyote | the rush of cascades of colors
transmigration of races tribes
American Indian presences
one time 9 of us saw in a room A ROSE CLOUD
The Achel Advances among us, Chiefs!
Olde Indian Visions, I celebrate you Washa Group under the Tipi
from nightfall to sunup
we looked on glowing coals
sitting on our haunches, earth close
Going Out
and In
Breathing the Great Spirit
mysterious communicating God of earliest time
Love and prayers of Love peyote button
at dead center on an elevated clay holden
poem, vision, old men with feathers, long chant of the woman
out of the tipi after dawn---

—Philip Lamantia

A POEM FOR TONY SHERROD

Tony, your head is not the head

I imagined from some Greek coin,

It is more the head of

those stallions

athwart the Elgin marbles,

raised to high relief.

You know how today we store up,

shoring up, fragments of better days,

against these our so

fragmentary lives.

We sat together hearing jazz. The black heads of our

black musicians. There, now

is another

classic relief. Their problem

is also my problem: how to raise

to formal accomplishment

these bitter fragments of our daily deeds.

To connect the ragged diddies

and half-said phrase

to some universal meaning.

Your face in profile. Tony, your body

I have not seen as

I have not seen

the body of this Poem (if God willing it

a Poem to be)

the which we both longingly

anticipate.

The whores with whom

you communicate, perhaps they can
complete what I have!

tried here,
and perhaps failed,
to extricate.

The body of the Poem

will not come, easily
come, to disrobe itself
--shrouded as is all poetry
shrouded in mystery.

At most, we can hope to,

as do some primitive
African tribes, dance about the thing.

The syncopation of the

rhythmic beat
and with the stresses

language anticipates

a successful end

to a successful hunt.

Always, when I think

of primitive people I think:
always the hunt. The halberd,
which, if you want to think of it
as such with me,

we have whittled down

to accomplish the same
identical end.

to good end

whittled our destiny out

explores

So Poets, we are no better, for our efforts,
than those naked men
we view
with naked horror
upon the walls of the ancient caves
at Altamira.

The hunt
and its eternal pursuit
is all we have today.

The verb
upon its sturdy legs
flies as does the arrow
nailing the noun of prey.

Tony, and let me say,
I too was once
"the swift to harry"
--missing the mark,
the faun escaped. All my arrows have
gone awry.

The hunter artist returns
among his fellows
a lean dish
In a dry season.

-----Steve Jonas

THE EMPTY BLUES

hitchhiking
46 hours no sleep no
food either
except for chocolate pie & coffee in San Luis Obispo
I'm up in the empty hills now
north of Paso Robles
(always a badluck town for me)
eating dexedrine smoking cigarettes
up in the hills & empty cold
cold cold & the night
slams in my face cold
now the big tandems come barrelling by
ZOOM BAM gone in the night
hours & hours & I curse them for not stopping
finally get the
Blues the true
Empty Blues

What it is
46 hours no sleep no food just leapers
so I feel cold & dry & empty
not bad quite
but I know
nothing will be right I
KNOW all I have to do is hope something
& it won't ever happen--these
are the Empty Blues

oh, the trucks don't stop
on El Camino Real
no
so I'll never get there
no no
& when I do
no
(big diesel rig
ZOOM BAM)
knew it
they never stop on 101
be here all night I know
Got the Empty Blues

what is it
a kind of knowing
--now it's pitch black
I know all about it
don't even care
just know

I know I'll never get to San Fran
& when I get there
it'll be just like here, I'll stand
till two in a bar
watching the barkeep drink Bromo
he'll drink Bromo all nite
with a stiff arm
& the Bulova on his wrist
won't it shine? Oh yes
I know
I'll stand in the bar & watch those
girls blase-ing down the street
they never stop
no
& when they do
oh no
I also know I'll sound the barmaid
& she won't
& when she will
she'll live in some Filipino hotel
doormat shackled to the wall
bathroom way down the hall
don't tell me
I know It all
these are the Empty Blues

— John Thomas

JUNK/ANGEL

I have seen the junkie angel winging his devious path over cities
 his greenblack pinions parting the air with the sound of fog
 I have seen him plummet to earth, folding
 his feathered bat wings against his narrow flesh
 pausing to share the orisons of some ecstatic acolyte
 the bone shines through his face
 and he exudes the rainbow odor of corruption
 his eyes are spirals of green radioactive mist
 luminous even in sunlight even at noon
 his footstep is precise, his glance is tender
 he has no mouth nor any other feature
 but whirling eyes above the glaring faceless face
 he never speaks and always understands he answers no one
 radiant with a black green radiance
 he extends his hollow fingered hands
 blessing blessing blessing
 his ichorous hollow fingers caressing the shadow of the man
 with love and avarice
 and then unfurls his wings and rides the sky like an enormous Christian bat
 and voiceless
 flies behind the sun

Lenore Kandell

Indians

I feel a place
of names. A place
in my woman's head, sings. Made tender
at my eye, for me. She spreads herself
and I
my mind.

What is lost
if there is wind, or
the sun leaves. Blue, is it
blue that moves the leaves
flat against the moon?

Such song,

herself, she sings,
such song, she seems,
locked in. Because
of us, a man, her
love, him too,
twists
in our song's
defect. Night
at the window.

Is this

a place
for us
to be? Women
love themselves
more than me.

A Traffic of Love

Come back
to it. But now
let it lay. To see
ourselves, so
quickly
as ourselves
is crime. Some
madness
you concealed
before. As
the wind
rolls in, or something
moves its wet mouth
against the blind. Let it
lay.

The room was
quiet, like
a picture
of a room. Wide
slashed colors, heavy
strokes, inside
the door. Let it
lay, please
there are real things
in the dark, in that
dark beneath
your hands. Silence
in the room
and the walls
breathe.

We will
come back
to it. In
the dark
I pushed her
to the floor. My
knees hurt, the
darkness snatched
my head. But she
believed me. The
door hung open
on white hinges. Ashes
grown out of air.

The room

is splinters
of itself. And I
am older
than
I was. Trust
me.

Old Men's Feet
(For Dr. Koch)

The light fant
astic
bride of years
collapsed
& treasures
melt.

Cry, british jam
& honey dew. Cry water
cress my love.

Sun is saint
& virgin brick, lover
prone upon
my prick.

Cry, silly fog
go buy a house,
& let yr cat
run dry.

Below
the bridge
the sun went stale. The house
& virgin
too.

I came back home
across some peaks
white snow did blow
a thousand
weeks.

Cry, bellow
butcher, ham
& gum. The lord
& christians
fade.

Nick Charles Meets The Wolf-Man

Alive
to all those
menaces
of your life. Even
outside (breakfront, blue skirts
of clouds, twisted
on the steeples' point)

silence
quaking
like a flame,

even reflected red
in the windows, (paul's tiny eyelids
maybe shut tight, at 3:00 am, one cool uptown faggot
on the radio.

But I holdout
for more than anyone here
can give me (You mean?

Headed out west (another
spirit, the alternate
to cold Sundays
when the wind
can't shake the trestle.

Get out, &
stay
out (all love drunk

the glass empty
on the dirty table, cigarette
burning the wood, smell
of big black feet.

Get Out! (A stubborn thug

with a cape/ Not

the muse? Why yes,

the same.

WEST OF LOLGE

"So had Sordello been, by
consequence, without a
function."

Dead beast's world, half-lit
immediate reactions, hand to
brain to flat pumping veined
heart. A new form, it takes
to itself. Gray green and
white for morning/ the woman's
voice and ghostly sleeping flesh.

IT BEGINS-

Black for nights. Grey cage
of air to blot it out. Still
it twists there in your hand. Black
for nights, always, without anything's
motion, sheared into hardness and
glitter. See it, or No, you can't
ever. It is new form, and ugly.

IT IS DENIED-

If it is caution, somewhere small
in the blood, that drives through
to your fingers, there at the keyboard,
that you will name names, or walk into
the room at the wrong time, the lover
having come, is bending over her body.
Is sucking her cunt, cursing the flies.

She dreams under that flesh that you
and the morning are dead. It happens,
she said, it happens. See it, now?

When it is so large it is taken as some
increment of time. An hour, a season near
the ocean. Wind blowing through the small
straw roof so that the pages of her book
will not stay pressed. Echoes in glass. Some
freshness to whatever element of disgust this
small baffling image of yself controls.

IT IS

AFFIRMED-

All of us, into shadows, don't ever look. These
are all shadows. My eye, my breathing
control them.

"Strong woman, with triangular eye
Time eminent, and collected. Its driveway,
A sudden thrashing of the seasons.
Spaces, collections, distances, (or simpler),
Somebody's face spread out across the world,
(and blurring in that act).
A child balanced sideways on a music stand
on a mountain. The child's face
Is not sideways.
The Christian Hill (architecture & cautions),
Two white eyes, outlined in black."

Old
dead
fo
barely green
under night.
Dead form, dry flesh
under cloth, shed skin
under leaves, mute litter
under tongues.

The day
has gotten lighter
I have forced myself awake.

—LeRoi Jones

The Island, by Robert Creeley - Charles Scribners Sons, New York,
190 pages, \$3.50 hardcover; \$1.45 soft.

It's very beautiful the way Robert Creeley evokes darkness and pain and the poignant stumblings of the man, John, in his first novel, "The Island," - the whirligigs in his head, and the vividness of terrain and sea, the island people in their landscape, walking in it and a part of it, rough figures against the sky.

And lovely the way he never gives anything more than it needs, the bare frame upon which the story hangs, and the prose like polished bone - Or not quite like that, but not lush - juice - rather, tampered and wrought, beat cut on the hardness of flat surfaces - this dryness done in the intense heat and cold of imagination and intelligence.

I liked Artie, and the Australian woman, very much. And the sad Englishman, Robert Willis: even the sea not wanting him, or anyone - His vivid battling in the sea.

How the place is there, now here, in my eyes - The book to be read slowly, word by word, in its dense richness - the land and the sea; and John's dark torment threading, cleaving like membrane - out of the blood and darkness - the tight tumorous fist of love's sickness and despair - to find there, again, where it had always been: a splinter of glass in the eye, the way and cure hidden in darkness with only the pain and unseeing, the bending distortions.

It's the pain that makes "The Island" true, and the joy; the seeing and not seeing it gives, over and over.

—Michael Rumaker

W.F.M.E. INTERVIEW WITH NIGHT EDITOR OF NEWARK EVENING NEWS (Aired July 12, 1967)

-----: If you read the UPI, have you been reading the UPI or listening to the radio,

-----: The AP.

-----: The AP, right. Well, they're a little more restrained. The UPI has, you know, gone ape on this.

-----: UH, HUH.

-----: Hold on just a minute.

-----: Yes sir.

-----: Well, the way I see it at the moment is you see, everything is generally unverified at the moment. We had isolated incidents of window smashing some stores looted, we have yet to determine how many stores. Uhhh, we have yet to determine how many windows were smashed. Uhhhhh, we understand that four policemen were injured, uhhhhh, treated for minor injuries and released from the hospital. Uhhhhh, down in the fourth precinct headquarters, there, they were stoning the, uh, building there, there was a crowd of several hundred there at one point earlier in the evening. Uhhhhh, a lot of commotion, a lot of rock throwing, that kind of thing. That's been dispersed, uhh,

-----: It has ceased then?

-----: Yeah, I would say at this time, it appears that that's it for the night. Now of course, who knows, anything could happen ten minutes from now, but I get the general impression that it's all over with tonight, I don't consider this a riot, by any stretch of the imagination.

-----: I see.

-----: There was a group. A riot to me is an uncontrolled mob running through the streets, looting, that kind of thing, smashing and you know what, right.

-----: right.

-----: This was, I didn't consider it of riot proportions. Now what the proper word is, you have to dig that one up yourself. It's certainly more than a disturbance, you know. The UPI calls it an outbreak of racial violence. Hold on just a moment, I keep getting these calls. Hello, yeah, yeah, that's very interesting, they're outside? Yeah, okay, thank you. Right. bye. Hold on just a moment.

-----: Yes sir.

-----: There's a bunch of cab drivers with people down at the police headquarters now. UHH, they picked up people from the fourth precinct and drove down there, you know. But they're milling around, you know, it's not, it's not a riot ranting, raging, screaming violent kind of, you know. There were incidents of and generally teenagers were, they took advantage of this, you know. They started smashing and started looting, you know.

-----: So you would say, basically this is just spontaneous and not a cause of racial unrest, or anything like that.

-----: Well, I don't know.

-----: You wouldn't be able to say at this time?

-----: No. The mayor, of course, has been kept informed all night. The Police Director is on top of it. UHHH, the mayor doesn't consider it, you know, dangerous, that he's going to have to call for help, or anything. It appears that things are under control, and you know, generally all is well. Something like this, it can always become something, you know, more violent. Now, you know, much of what I'm saying is personal opinion. They don't reflect the views of anybody.

-----: Okay.

-----: You know, it's obvious that, there were reasons that these things happened, but I'm not going to sit in judgment you know, at three in the morning.

-----: Okay, what is your name, sir, please?

-----: My name is Blood.

-----: And your association with the Newark Evening News is?

-----: I'm the night editor.

-----: Well, we certainly thank you for your help, sir.

-----: Well, I hope I'm some, anyway.

-----: Thank you, so much. Bye, bye.

-----: Bye.

END OF TAPE